

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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THE SOVEREIGNS OF INDUSTRY.

THERE is a variety of evils which men shun with more or less earnestness; there is a variety of hells which they flee from with all their might. Not to have the means of subsistence is hell; so man has devised the institution of private property. Not to be free and make your own bargain with the world is another hell; so he has made the institution of contract. Not to have love and children is also hell; so he has created marriage and the family. To have no recognized head and authority in the world is hell again; so he either sets up, or else endures a government. To be in fear of the hereafter is hell; so we have what is called religion. To be in uncertainty as to our rights and duties under these several institutions is hell; so we have law to take care of us and tell us what to do.

But these great affairs can't do every thing: there are little hells to be feared, and we have therefore a number of supplemental institutions which are intended to mitigate the horrors of isolated life and competition. A man wants to have brotherly care in sickness, and decorous if not ceremonious sepulture after death. The Masons and the Odd Fellows will do these for him. The Western farmer wants to get directly at the Eastern consumer and sell him his beef and wheat for all they will bring; so he joins the Grangers. The working man every-where needs to get the full worth of his money; and so he joins the *Sovereigns of Industry*.

The Order of Sovereigns of Industry was organized in January, 1874. It has a National Council, and also State Councils in eleven of the States besides one in the District of Columbia. Its membership is thought to embrace from two to three millions of persons. It is secret, and its members have secret modes of recognition. The *Bulletin*, the organ of the Order, published in Worcester, Mass., is a temperately spoken sheet. From the Declaration of Purposes we learn that

"The Order is an association of the laboring classes, without regard to race, sex, color, nationality or occupation; not formed for the purpose of waging any war of aggression upon any other class, or for fostering any antagonism of labor against capital, or of arraying the poor against the rich, but for mutual assistance in self-improvement and self-protection.

"Founded on the eternal principles of Truth and Brotherly Love, it proposes to unite its members for the pur-

pose of carrying out such a reform in their various business relations with each other and the world, as shall render impossible in the future the encroachments of oppressive monopolies upon the rights of individuals, or the grasping of the hard-earned proceeds of productive labor by speculation."

By the cultivation of wise and kindly feelings the Order hopes to inspire a mutual confidence in the working people, and thereby enable them to act together in dealing with their employers, and especially act together in the matter of purchasing all kinds of family supplies. It wars against the shoals of middlemen, and aims to drive them out of speculative into productive industry. Its word to the laboring men is, Unite with your fellows, give your orders for goods to the agent of your village council, buy nothing on credit, go to the manufacturer and wholesale dealers and get the lowest prices:

"We believe, too, that by such a combination we can bring producer and consumer into closer relations. It is well known to all men familiar with the present system of trade, that a large part of the goods consumed by the laboring classes now pass through the hands of speculator, broker, commission agent, wholesale dealer, jobber and retailer, and often through more than one of each class; and as each handling necessitates an additional profit without increasing the value of the goods to the consumer, it necessarily follows that if we can reduce the number of middlemen, it will reduce the cost to the consumer, or advance the profit of the producer.

"The wages of all classes of mechanics are in a great measure regulated by the demands of the middlemen who control the price of the wares manufactured. By exacting exorbitant commissions these agents compel the manufacturers to cheapen the cost of production in order to secure a fair profit to themselves, and the burden necessarily falls upon labor. Our system aims to bring the producer and consumer in close business relations, thus enabling the manufacturer to fairly recompense their workmen. We do not war against manufacturers, but against the pernicious system of trade now in vogue, which not only injures them, but, in most instances, depreciates the wages of the workman."

The Order buys directly from the Grangers or Patrons of Husbandry, and some of the village councils or lodges have stores of their own in successful operation, but it has not yet arrived at the stage of coöperation which has been reached by the working-men of England. The different town and city councils are quite as independent of one another as are the different Congregational churches. There have been some failures and disappointments in the matter of large State movements. The councils in Connecticut, for example, have not yet got out of the power of the local coal-dealers.

To illustrate the working of the Order in the matter of purchases; the village of Wallingford Conn., has a council of seventy-six members—fifty of whom are heads of families. For fifty cents an evening it has the use of a room for the distribution of supplies ordered by the agent. Flour, sugar, butter, groceries, and provisions generally, boots and shoes, sheetings, shirtings and prints, are bought in New-York through a general agency which publishes a price current and makes purchases for two per cent. All orders have to bear the seal of the council. Goods are paid for on receipt and examination. Articles of dress, furniture, etc., and all such things as are a matter of taste with the consumer, and cannot be designated by any brand, stamp, or label, are bought of certain dealers in Hartford and New Haven, who make quarterly contracts with the council. A sovereign having the card of his council can go to any one of these stores and get the benefit of the discounts agreed on. There is a large clothing house in Philadelphia which deals with the councils on the same principle. Its agents come to Wallingford twice a year to take orders for ready-made clothing. In this way our working-men make considerable

saving on flour and all the staples of living, while on the smaller items the saving is immense, the average being about 25 per cent.

This is a movement which sheds a strong beam of light and hope right into the very home of the working-man. It does away with the misery of buying in dribblets. The Council of Wallingford is doubtless getting its supplies nearly if not quite as cheaply as any old Community of Shakers. Simplicity and economy all lie in the direction of organization; not in that of isolation and distrust. Cheap fabrics come from organization of labor and capital; cheap books and papers come from organization of labor and capital; cheap transportation comes from the organization of labor and capital. Organize! organize! is the command that has gone forth. Find your honest man; cluster around him, give him the power of your united purses; buy by wholesale, and do every thing you can together. This will give you leisure for thought, invention, study, and the joys of home.

A. B.

MACHINERY—A BLESSING OR A CURSE? "AS YOU LIKE IT."

It is sheer nonsense to raise the question whether machinery, *in and of itself*, is a blessing or a curse. It is a blessing, *of course*.

Let us see: Imagine a strong and well educated man with his wife and a large family of grown-up children left on a solitary, wild, wood-covered island, with only a temporary shelter, and food enough to last them a few weeks, but not a tool that they could wield for defense or sustenance! Of all creatures they would be the most helpless and wretched, not so well off even as the brutes, the latter being supplied with either teeth, or bills, or claws, as weapons or implements with which to defend themselves and "earn their living."

Knowing the capacity of the timber to yield them shelter, and of the soil to furnish them with cereals and fruit and cotton, yet without machinery they would be deprived of them all, and sooner or later perish from hunger and cold. It would be the old story of the nut without the nut-cracker once more. *Should* they survive, it would be to live over again in miniature the unmeasured period of the stone age!

But let an axe or a saw-mill appear on the scene, and what a transformation! What a shortening and softening of long, hard labor—in fact, what *wealth* they would contribute to this little joint-stock family!

The point is right here. So long as the possession and use of this machinery were for the benefit of this *whole* family, and not for a mere *fraction* of it, it was most decidedly—a blessing.

But we can easily see how it might be [and is] *made* a curse. Instead of one family on the island, enjoying a perfect Community of labor and property, let us imagine that it has increased into a thousand families, whose property is divided as in ordinary society, all the land being unequally partitioned among exclusive owners, and a large class left landless. There would be the rich and the poor, capitalists and laborers, the virtuous and the vicious, such as we see to-day all around us. Let us further imagine that the inhabitants of our island have attained the development which obtained in the world just previous to the time when steam was used as a motor, and the power-loom was invented, but when axes, plows, hoes, and hand-

looms were abundant. At this stage of our illustration, let us ask yonder laborer of what use to him is the axe he is carrying on his shoulder.

He answers, "Why! I work for my neighbor, and earn my daily bread with it."

"How is this?" we inquire; "Does your neighbor give you wages because he loves you?"

"I think not," says the laborer. "He hires me because he cannot get his chopping done in any cheaper way."

We reply, "But suppose your employer were a conjurer and should get an axe that would chop all alone, doing the work that you and your axe now do without the help of a man to wield it: would you consider such an axe in his possession a blessing to you?"

"No indeed," says the workman; "I hope we shall never have any such conjurers around here," and proceeds to his work.

In about a week I hear that this man's employer has invented an apparatus with which to cut down trees and cut up the wood by means of a cross-cut saw driven by horse-power. He no longer needs the help of the laborer and his axe. The conjurer has indeed come! Is it surprising that the laborer regards machinery as a curse?

Again, let us imagine that among these one thousand families the weavers are a very industrious, prosperous and indispensable class. Suddenly an ingenious man invents a power-loom, and his single establishment working by water-power only half the time can amply supply the whole population with all the cloth required. Would it be very wonderful if these weavers should assemble and vote indignantly and unanimously that this new machinery is a curse?

But we will further suppose that a certain wise, closet philosopher, deeply read in political economy, should arise in the midst of this assembly of the weavers, and address them as follows:

"My friends! I perceive with much sorrow that you have fallen into grievous errors. What! Would you vote machinery a curse? On the contrary, it is one of the greatest blessings that a kind Providence has bestowed upon us. How can you imagine a more appropriate, useful and beautiful expression of God's good will than His bestowing on us this power-loom, making clothing so cheap to all that it approximates to the air and sunshine in its abundance. Think of all the toil that you endured in supplying this nation with material for its clothing! Heaven intended this gift as a means whereby you might have more leisure to devote to intellectual and moral culture and healthful recreation. Moreover, think of your great ancestors, who were thrown upon this island without so much as an axe with which they might hew their way to a subsistence. Think you that they would have called this weaving machinery a curse? Does not your resolution, then, savor of ingratitude and blasphemy?"

To this speech an intelligent weaver replies:

"With due respect for the sentiments of my learned neighbor and friend, I beg leave to dissent from this conclusion, while admitting the truth of many of his statements. It is true that machinery, especially the simpler kinds, would have been an invaluable boon to our ancestors when there was only one family on our island and all shared in the productions of this machinery according to their needs. It is also true that this machinery is a good gift from a kind Providence, which *in itself considered* is well adapted to bring about all the good results which my good friend has so eloquently described. But it is nevertheless the *occasion* of a terrible curse to us. It has taken away our daily bread! And why is this so? It is simply because we are divided into a thousand families, instead of being one family as our ancestors were. If I could look upon every inhabitant of this island as either a father, a mother, a brother or a sister, to whom an equitable distribution of all the products of the land and waters should be made as they

would have need, and as our ancestors did, would we be likely to assemble together as we have to-day and vote machinery a curse? Far from it! We would be hailing it as Heaven's choicest blessing to us—as the key that unlocks its great storehouse of wealth, which it delights to bestow upon its children.

"The truth is, the seeds of the bitter fruits we are now eating were sown when our ancestors began to divide into separate families having separate interests. So long as the machines belonged to one family they blessed every member of that family; but when they belonged to separate families they blessed mainly their owners. And so long as the machines were simple and cheap, like axes and hand-looms, they belonged to and blessed many owners. Indeed, they were not only the means of increasing the wealth of their owners and the country at large, but they took upon themselves an entirely new office, such as never belonged to them in the days of our first parents on this island. They took upon themselves the office of distributors of wealth among the people, taking a share of it from the pockets of the capitalist and giving it in the form of wages to the laborer.

"Here, my friends, I put my finger upon the very kernel of the difficulty that is now troubling us. It is this: *Machinery has usurped the place that love or some other system of justice should occupy as distributor of all the good things which this island produces.* It assumes the office and attempts to do the work of distributing what family love did in the days of our ancestors. Now that machinery is more costly and complex, so that it cannot be owned by the laborers, as well as more productive, so that it floods the markets with its superior products, even so as to utterly destroy the price of all our former productions, alas! what will become of us? It seems as if Providence had made a mistake in ordaining that we should be born. In consequence of this blessing which makes cloth almost as cheap as air, we are verily cast out and there is no room for us on this island."

We appeal to the common sense of the reader, and ask him whether this illustration does not in rough outline fairly represent the present condition of the leading civilized countries of the world, and exhibit the relation which machinery bears to their inhabitants. Is it not true that a large proportion of the people are dependent for subsistence on manufacturing establishments, whose main characteristic is expensive and complex machinery, which, if run to its full capacity for any great length of time, would flood the world with its products, and glut the markets? And does not every glut necessitate the reduction of the laborers' wages to the lowest possible point and the frequent stoppage of business? And do not these low wages and frequent stoppages occasion great poverty and distress among laborers? Is there not some screw loose in the mechanism of a society which turns machinery—one of the best of heaven's blessings—into a terrible curse to so large a part of mankind?

Where is the remedy? Our only answer is, that it is to be found in some form or forms of joint-stockism, or coöperation, or communism, whereby every member shall receive a certain equitable share of the products of capital and machinery as well as of his own labor. What form or forms it shall take, or how it shall be brought about, we cannot attempt to discuss in this already lengthy article. For the present we leave the matter to the reader's thoughtful and earnest consideration.

H. J. S.

"THEY'RE ALL GONE."

In the Biography of Dr. Beecher the following incident of his old age is told by his son, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher:

"Visiting home during one of my school vacations (1847), I found father at last without a child to love or govern, and it seemed to me that his long-trained faculty was keeping itself fresh in training a very stubborn and active terrier, called Trip. Trip had taken my place in the study and by the

table. At every interval of rest from writing father would talk a word or two to Trip. On the mantel-piece lay a short switch, and Trip knew where it lay. Ordinarily Trip would receive a rebuke and exhortation with becoming quietness; but it was quite impossible to follow up the counsel with chastisement, for Trip had an eye ever to the mantel-piece. If father's hand tended thither, Trip tended toward the door or table, and no soothing blandishment would restore his filial confidence until father, showing both palms would say, 'There Trip-pee, Trip-pee, I forgive you this time, but you mustn't do so any more.'

"I was a man—graduated, and competent to work and support him; yet he insisted on my staying with him to be supported. He felt that I was unsettled in religion, and was set in his determination to keep me near him and lead me to safety. Of course, irritated by frequent reproaches from the thoughtless for 'living on my father, I was impatient to be gone, and many a passionate discussion came up between us about the matter. I never gave up entirely until one morning, as I stood impatient on the south step of the study, in the sun, he came out suddenly, not knowing I was there. He sniffed the air, looked up into the maples, down upon me, put both hands upon my shoulders, looked me full in the face, and said, with broken utterance,

"'Tom, I love you; you mustn't go 'way and leave me. They're all gone—Jim's at college. I want one under my wing.'

"Of course I staid by until I left with a blessing."

Dr. Beecher had reared a family of eleven children to maturity, yet, at the age of seventy-two, solitude wrung from him the pathetic cry, "*They're all gone!*" Of all that household troop whose hilarity and unity and bright ways had made the charm of his middle life at Litchfield, not one was left. Marriage and the fashion of separate interests had carried them away from him and from one another, and the old man with failing faculties was left to murmur to his last son, "Tom, I love you; you mustn't go 'way and leave me. They're all gone!" Dr. Beecher was concerned in the formation of several societies for moral and religious reform; but none of them saved his domestic circle from dissolution. Truly, it will be one of the proudest boasts of this age, that beside its abolition of slavery it has witnessed the commencement of an Anti-breaking-up-of-Families Movement, which will put an end to the woeful cry of solitary old age, hitherto so common, "They're all gone!"

MAKING ASSOCIATION PRACTICABLE.

BY R. J. WRIGHT.*

THE most immediately pressing want of Association or Communism probably is that it be made practicable. Many volumes of fine argumentation about it may be found, and thousands of persons are amply convinced of the truth thereof, and have faith that *some* time in the distant future some one or other of these grand ideals will be realized: but for the present they feel that the ideals are impracticable.

Inquiring the causes of the large proportion of Association failures in the United States, various reasons are given. Some give the depravity or weakness of human nature as the chief cause; some, a deficiency of numbers, holding that even thousands are necessary at the beginning; others suppose the need to be improved constitutions of the society, or of plans of voting, or of work, or of architecture, etc.; others think the greatly needed means is an improved religion, either a newly devised one or a return to some of the old ones: hence some persons whose "Associations" have failed have considered the great success of the Roman Communities, and have turned their attention in that direction, for instance the late Mrs. George Ripley (of Brook Farm memory); other causes of failure have been pointed out by Mr. Noyes and Mr. Nordhoff.

Now, of the seventy-five or eighty non-celibate Protestant Associations that have been commenced in the United States only six have succeeded; and of that six only two consist chiefly of Americans by both birth and language. The old vanguard has long ago abandoned the field either in hopeless despair of present success, or in change of opinion and entire abandonment of the cause, chiefly from its apparent impracticability. Now in view of these sorrowful facts, we can hardly be expected to look to those old and unsuccessful associationists for PRACTICAL advice, however able they doubtless are to argue for the cause, and to uphold its principles *theoretically*; and doubtless the *Harbinger* and old *Tribunes* and the books and lectures of that olden time are quite a treasury of thought, argument and illustra-

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tion on the subject. Nevertheless, what is most immediately wanted is not that, but *practical* adaptations for use and action. In this, as in revivals of religion, the thing to be done is, not to supply argumentation to the understanding, nor beauty and ornament to the taste; but to get audiences, and then to rouse up their divine feelings; and then to get them *practically* to work, as Moody says, "to do something" for the cause.

The first thing in order, then, seems to be to get audiences for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, to get readers—not only readers who are already established in the faith, and awake to the necessity of improved Association; but also readers who are as yet comparatively ignorant or unconvinced, or unconcerned about it; and as a wise preacher, to avoid shocking the prejudices of the audience by unnecessary matters. Then people will hear, and feel friendly, and we hope be convicted of the sins of the world, and be converted to the higher ideals, and then go to work practically as fast as they can learn how to do so wisely and well. The *Graphic* hits the point pretty well (though rather extremely) when speaking of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, No. 1, it says—"There is nothing in it which could not be read in the most fastidious circles, but a great deal that is provocative of thought."

If the free discussion of sexual topics is absolutely necessary, then possibly it might be accomplished by a monthly supplement, or something of that kind, so that the general paper could be freely offered and used as a family paper. For in this, as in some other affairs, the taste and demands of the audience will have to be gratified to some extent.

Looking back now at the experiments in the United States, some general truths strike the observer distinctly and forcibly. One such general truth is that all the disbanded Communities had sought improved Association as their direct object. Another such truth is nearly the reciprocal of that, and is, that of the successful Communities consisting of members previously inexperienced in Communism no one of them had sought this reformed Association directly, or as their primary object. Bethel-Aurora consisted chiefly of members who had been previously well trained to associated life in other Communities; and some of the Icarians had probably been so trained before coming to America; and the present Icaria is a new society of a few reorganized members previously trained in the past Icaria. But any how, Icaria can hardly yet be viewed as a success, having dwindled from about a thousand members at first to only about sixty or seventy now.

Another general truth is, that in the successful Communities their Communism arose merely incidentally as a means to their religious or denominational success; as incidental either to their other doctrines, or to their spiritual government, or to their continuity as a society at all, or to their continuing to reside in near neighborhood,—except Icaria: and that is hardly an exception, even if it prove a success; because, as Nordhoff says, they make Communism their religion, having no other. And even supposing for the moment that such a people could make their Communism a success, it would not follow nor be probable therefrom, that persons who heed any religion (commonly so called) could succeed in Communities disregarding their religion; nor would it follow that persons without any religion could succeed, unless, like the Icarians, they make a religion of their Communism, simply because they had no other. Harmonies of feeling in common affairs, or of interests in business, may produce coöperative societies; but only harmonies in what are felt to be the highest feelings and interests can produce completed home Associations or Communities.

Of all the Communities that have ever had any success worth calling such, the main object of their Association has been to cultivate their spiritual faculties and promote the higher life. This principle applies to all the Protestant Associations including also the Shakers; and still more, it applies to the Communities of the Roman and Greek churches, all down the long vista of centuries. However perverted or corrupt they may have become actually, nevertheless their main object was the promotion of the higher life according to their ideas. And doubtless Protestantism stands in just as much need of a reformed Communism for its "*higher life*" as it did of a reformed theology or a reformed ritual for its common Christian life.

EDUCATION does not begin with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's-nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants and al-

most imperceptible emmets—with humming-bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the sense of all good to God himself.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

WALLINGFORD LETTER.

W. C., April 24, 1876.

It may entertain the readers of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, without compromising the modesty of the O. C., if, to give some idea of the journalizing between the Communities, alluded to in my last letter, I run over the O. C. file and cull a few items from it—such as are not too domestic and familiar.

The SOCIALIST advertises a Turkish Bath at the Oneida Community. They have had one for themselves since 1874, but more recently have opened one for the public, induced by much solicitation of the people in the vicinity. The journal reports to us the success of this institution. Spring mud has warred against it so far (and truly it is a natural enemy to dirt), nevertheless it has had some patronage, and is about to issue a bulletin of testimonials from its patients. I will turn over my leaves and quote a few particulars about the

PUBLIC TURKISH BATH AT O. C.

Mr. S. [a man who came all the way from the shore of Lake Huron to try the Bath for rheumatism] has taken a dozen baths and improved his condition decidedly. He is so much encouraged that he intends putting up a bath at home. He became quite interested in the Community, and said it almost paid him for his journey to get acquainted with us—he should never forget our kindness—we made him feel that we wanted to do him good.

Mr. P. of M—, brought his daughter a few days ago and both took a bath. The father was so pleased with the effect of his bath that he wanted she should try another. The result to-day was excellent, and she intends to come again. Her father is a fruit-grower with whom we have dealt in the past. He thinks the Bath will be a great public benefit—says we have been the means of elevating the standard of horticulture and agriculture in all this section, and now he expects we shall elevate the public health.

Mr. C., of Vermont, writes that the rheumatism in his knee, which had troubled him for two years before coming here to try the bath, has entirely disappeared, which is a cause of great thankfulness to himself and wife, as they had both felt serious about it. If it ever comes again he shall start for Oneida forthwith.

There was a man here to-day from O—, who took the bath three times a few weeks ago, and then stopped so suddenly we did not know as he liked them. His trouble was muscular rheumatism about the heart, and dyspepsia. He had not been able to work for a year. But when he came to-day he said that the three baths he took set him on his feet, and he had been at work ever since. On a slight return of old symptoms he "put for the Bath," as he said, immediately.

Mr. C., the elder [a neighbor], nearly 90 years of age, looked at the rooms to-day, and said he was going to have a bath whether or no; if it carried him off, he might as well go that way as any other. Mr. B. told him we would consider the matter—we would not like to shorten his peaceful days.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

Mr. H., in a report of his late trip, said that the Holden fraud [by which the Community lost last year some twenty thousand dollars through a dishonest agent] had done us some good as well as evil. It had advertised us pretty thoroughly in Boston and the vicinity, and opened doors which give us a better trade in Massachusetts than we ever had before.

Mr. J. reports that he sent five tons of traps to-day to Manitoba, worth \$750 a ton.

The Community have been invited through a New-York firm to contribute some preserved fruit in glass to the Centennial Exhibition—the Agricultural Bureau at Washington furnishing the bottles and taking charge of the fruit at the Exhibition. The object of the Bureau is to make as complete a display in this line as possible.

Mr. T. went to Utica this morning expecting to get a dismissal of a suit pending since July 1874, for infringement of patent for preserving Indian corn green; but the plaintiff's counsel opposed the motion, claiming that notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States against the validity of the patent, they had a right to have their case tried and to

go to the Supreme Court again and re-argue the matter. Rather pretentious, but Mr. T. thought their counsel was only holding on to the case for his pay.

The masons are at work on the cellar-walls of the new barn. It is to be large enough to accommodate seventy or eighty head of cattle, will have cellars under the whole, conveniences for cutting and steaming food, etc. [By the way, the roof under which the SOCIALIST is printed was once the shelter of the Holsteins and Ayrshires and graded stock of the O. C. Three years ago it covered a barn, which for its hugeness was called the "Ark." Converted into an industrial emporium, the Ark is now called the "Arcade." The Community public Bath is in this building. The soft-eyed population which were turned out have since been kept in different small barns on the domain, but are now to have commodious quarters again together, only more remote from the family dwelling than before.]

LABOR-SAVING INVENTIONS.

Mr. E. is anxious we should try washing by steam—that is, by the direct application of this agency—*steaming* the dirt out instead of rubbing it out. Referred to the Laundry for experiment.

We are quite pleased with the new knitting-machine (Lamb's patent). Mr. Smith is able to knit a pair of women's cotton hose in two hours, and the work gives satisfaction.

The button-hole attachment to our American sewing-machine has also been utilized lately by the ready genius of G. S. We have had it for years without knowing how to use it. Yesterday G. made 42 button-holes in 55 minutes: the ends of course are finished with a needle. Mrs. V. appreciates this improvement in her department, children's clothes need so many button-holes.

We have added rusk to our bill-of-fare lately, pulverizing it with a *steam chopper*. It finds a good deal of favor, and is an *exceedingly* economical dish—French contrivances cannot beat it, made of bits of hard-tack [*alias* Graham crackers], gems, brown bread, white bread, oat-meal cakes, muffins, etc., etc.

[Turning over my file I notice leaves interspersed written with the Ilion Writing-Machine. Whether this recent invention is really a labor-saving one I am not able to say. A good fair hand makes pleasanter reading for me, but then machine-writing is never illegible, and that is worth a good deal. Our journalists evidently have lacked perseverance to prove the merits of this novelty. Perhaps it will stand there blanketed from dust two or three years, and then some "ready genius" like G. will take hold of it and show us how foolish we have been to stick to old ways.]

EVENING MEETING.

A letter read from a man in Meadville, Pa., who has the lease of some land, containing as he has been told by clairvoyants, and as he himself believes, a gold mine of incalculable wealth at a depth of forty feet. He wants to have us explore it.

Just after the news reporter had said something about Spiritualism, our new chandelier with its twenty lights flew up two or three feet, at the same time whirling partly round. One of the astonished assembly said that no doubt the oil had burned out and lightened the weight; but another suggested that as the rope goes up into the "dark room" [in the attic used for odd investigations] the "spirits" might have something to do with it.

Letter from a man who says he has just heard of Mr. Noyes's death, which he deeply regrets, sympathizing with our loss, though he doubts not it is his *unspeakable gain*: wants to see the obituary. [Send him the SOCIALIST! Announce a wonderful case of materialization!]

A good-natured talk about the late retrenchment in the kitchen—ending in a thanksgiving meeting. We have a sufficient variety of food and plenty of it. Several said they enjoyed their food better than before, and the steward said he had observed more of a thankful spirit in the family than usual the last month. The family were assured that the Subsistence Board intend to perform their duty faithfully in regard to the voted retrenchment. [A new house going up at W. C. had more to do with this vote than the hard times.]

An editorial from the *Tribune* read about the influenza that is sweeping over the country. It was thought the Bath had been a great protection to the Community, as many who have been threatened with colds and fever have been speedily restored to health through its use. The children who are all put into it twice a week have been especially benefited.

Mr. H. gave notice that the Sankey hymn-books had

come—50 with notes and 150 without; so they were distributed, and the meeting was opened with the song, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Every body sang who could, and the vibration was delightful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lettuce appeared on the table to-day, April 12th. The crocus bed is a beautiful sight just now. The whole kit of little ones huddled round it this morning, and O, the riot, if they had done as they wanted to! They were allowed to just touch the flowers, which seemed to give them some content.

We have begun reading at 6½ o'clock, P. M., the "Memoirs of Rev. Charles G. Finney," written by himself.

A Connecticut tramp called at the kitchen to-day for refreshment, stipulating for meat and coffee as if the proverb about beggars not choosing had gone quite out of date. J. recognized him, and asked him if he did not travel formerly between Hartford and New Haven. He said he did, and recognized J. as having set him to chopping wood once on a time at Wallingford.

Mr. H., having occasion to call at New Lebanon, was treated by Elder Frederick with much politeness. In conversation Elder F. said that the prophetic element is of the most importance—that in Bible times prophets were above kings and rulers, and are so now. He considered the United States as the commencement of the new earth spoken of by John, and the Shakers as the prophetic element in the United States.

Extended conversations, communications, criticisms, etc., occupying the evening meeting are filed by themselves. To have completed this select review of the O. C. Journal I should have had two or three more headings, as "The Nursery," "The Entertainments," etc.; but this letter is long enough. H. H. S.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

THERE are four reasons why people who have espoused the same religion should desire to live together in one complex family. First, it is natural and attractive; second, it is convenient and economical; third, it is desirable for the benefit of education; and fourth, and most important, it is necessary for spiritual growth and perfection. It is natural, because love draws together and is best satisfied by the warmth of family unity; it is convenient and economical, because a large family can provide itself with many improvements not within the reach of a small family; it is beneficial to education, because in Association the benefits accruing are limitless; it is necessary for spiritual growth, because in Association persons can best avail themselves of *friendly criticism*. This mutual aid to improvement is most effectually carried on in a large complex body.

MODERN civilization shows its superiority to the boasted civilizations of the past in nothing more plainly than in the dignity which it now accords to labor. In Rome and Greece the simple laborer was degraded by virtue of his calling. That degradation is fast passing away in all civilized nations. No public man would choose or dare to express himself as Cicero did two thousand years ago:

"We are to account as ungentle and mean the gains of all hired workmen whose source of profit is not their art but their labor, for their very wages are the consideration of their servitude. We are likewise to despise all who retail from merchants' goods for prompt sale; for they never can succeed unless they lie most abominably. All mechanical laborers are by their profession mean, for a work-shop can contain nothing befitting a gentleman. As to merchandising, if on a small scale, it is mean; if on a large scale, extensive and rich, it is not so despicable."

ACCORDING to the last U. S. census there are in this country sixty-two thousand physicians and seventeen thousand druggists. Now we can safely assume that the great majority of these doctors and druggists are daily prescribing and administering alcoholic liquors in some form or other. The basis of a large class of medicine is alcohol, and there are probably but very few medical men in this or any other country who do not use it in some form as an important agent in their *materia medica*. Leaving out of the question the expediency of its use as a medical agent, we have at least seventy-five thousand men in this country who are daily engaged in dispensing alcoholic liquors to the rest of mankind as a *remedial* agent—as a medical necessity! Can we hope for any permanent temperance reform until the medical

fraternity take the initiative, and lead men away from temptation instead of toward it? Can't we cure the sick, without giving them an appetite for stimulants? Are not medical men often directly responsible for the beginnings of an intemperate career? We would not hastily cry down the use of alcoholic liquors in medicine, but we would ask physicians generally to study this view of the subject fairly and honestly, and see if there is not a chance for reform.

SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA.

EMILIO Castelar, the Spanish statesman, in a recent letter to the New-York *Herald*, gives a glimpse of the socialistic forces at work in Russia, as follows:

"Regarding the various types of Russian society we discern at the apex an aristocracy wasted and enfeebled by excess, like most of the aristocracies of Europe, but at the base a people totally unlike any of the neighboring nations.

"Thus you will not consider strange the progress which socialism daily makes in the old Russian society. Those schools that wish by a formula, more or less broad, to solve social problems, lose all credit in the West, gain in the East, and are a dangerous influence in Russia. I knew Herzen little before his death. He was very decided in persisting in his communistic propaganda, and very proud of belonging to a race like the Slav, which, according to him, should settle the contradictions between the laws of the individual and the laws of the State. In one of the last congresses of the democracy I heard the persevering Bakunine propose to us—as the ideal of all politics, as the remedy for our evils, as the port of refuge, as the heaven of hope—the patriarchal Slav municipal institutions, with their radical negation of all property. But I never thought that these dreams, which vanished before reason and experience like mist before the sun, could move so profoundly the heart of Russian society. Various thinkers, from their Patmos of exile, formulate them. Innumerable books and pamphlets propagate them. Societies, which take their names as the apostles of truth and that of spiritual proletarians, organize them. This force is like an army of guerillas, abler than all the bailiffs, stronger than all armies, breaking the narrow network of the custom house. They diffuse themselves. A literature poetizes them. The women, tender as an idyl, effusive as love, in love with their own emancipation, believe in them. Young men, intoxicated by the joy of new life, swear by reason and by right to defend them, if it is necessary, in one hundred combats, and to realize them, even at the cost of the greatest sacrifices. Read the requisitions of the first Crown Prosecutor, Zychareff, and you will be frightened at the measureless strength and measureless extent of socialism in Russia.

"In Moscow, the Russian's Rome, a clandestine printing-office has been found devoted to revolutionary writings, and worked by imperial employes. The clubs and sections extend in all directions in a most powerful organization, similar to that established by the Italian carbonari during the servitude of their country. A prince, an old public functionary, presides over the club of St. Petersburg; a territorial proprietor of the first order is chief of the club of Tamboff, and a pensioned judge of erudition and integrity has expended nearly \$40,000 from his own purse in this propaganda. The Province of Pouza has a principal justice of the peace in the socialist legion, and in the Province of Viatka a deputation of nobles passed through for the first time to collect funds. The Governor-General on his part submitted to a council of students, who in their turn were under the central commission resident in Switzerland. The fair sex shows an innovating fanaticism similar to that which took possession of the Roman young women in the first ages of Christianity, and the maidens of France in the first days of the Revolution. The daughter of a general supports socialistic schools. The wife of a colonel of *gendarmérie* initiates her own sons. Several ladies belonging to the families of private councillors of the Emperor indoctrinate their innumerable serfs. The impulse of all these united forces is so great, so impetuous, so irresistible, that the imperial agent is in despair, and declares solemnly the impossibility of arresting or suppressing a great politico-religious fanaticism which prevails all over the empire."

For the last six years American Communities have probably received more visitors deeply interested in Socialism from Russia than from any other foreign country. One young man, formerly an officer in the Russian army, and for a long time holding a civil office under the government, spent about a year at Oneida studying American Socialism; he then returned to his own country. Two young men (one a nobleman) attracted to this country by reading a Russian translation of "Dixon's New America," worked for the O. C. several months that they might acquaint themselves with its principles. Two Russian ladies made the long journey because of their interest in Socialism, their knowledge of Oneida having been acquired in their own country through the writings of Dixon. One of these ladies was of noble birth, and distinguished for her scholarship and her efforts for the better education of women in Russia, gaining imperial sanction for the admission of women into the colleges of medicine. Her visit gave all the foundation that ever existed in fact for the story that was published in the newspapers of the "Russian princess" joining the Oneida Community. This story was doubtless the occasion of a visit of inquiry which the same Community received from a party of Russian gentleman accompanied by their interpreter. A gentleman with his family came from Russia several years ago with a view to joining the Oneida Community. He had been a patient student of Social-

ism, and his enthusiasm finally led him to join a promising Socialistic enterprise in the West.

We presume the other Communities, especially those described by Dixon, have had during the same time an equal number of interesting visitors from Russia.

TALK WITH OUR MENTORS.

DEAR EDITOR:—The Talk with your Mentors, in the first number, emboldens me to offer some suggestions as to where I think a field for usefulness can be found, and where you can with the AMERICAN SOCIALIST reach an immense audience.

It is very important that what *American Socialism* is should be known in Europe. For this purpose let a branch office of publication be established in Leipsic, and there issue weekly the AMERICAN SOCIALIST translated into the German, French and Russian languages.

Leipsic is the center of European polylingual publication and book distribution. Printing and publishing can there be done more cheaply than in any city in the world. Translators can in that city be easily hired at a cheap rate.

All that you need, to teach Europe American Socialism is capital to publish the journal in the three languages which I have named, and to distribute the paper after it is printed. The capital the American socialistic societies already possess; the methods of successful distribution can be learned.

The censorship of the press which exists in Russia and in France may for the present prevent the circulation of the paper in those countries. Exact information, however, should be obtained as to whether the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, with its conservative tone, would not pass the censors of Russia and France. The *Science Social* has for years been published in Paris and distributed through the French mails. Why not a translation of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST?

Young Russia is all ablaze on the subject of Socialism, and needs practical conservative direction. France, despite its terrible experience in false Socialism, has its numerous Trades-Unions; and the Social Palace of Guise affords a splendid example of success in the direction of harmonizing labor and capital. The 550,000 members of coöperative societies in Germany and England need instruction how to safely pass from coöperation in single businesses—the stage to which they have already attained—to general coöperation; which has as yet been successfully attained only in America. Your paper is the proper vehicle for the transmission of this instruction.

A wide European circulation would greatly increase the value of your paper as an advertising medium, and your increased income from advertising would help pay the expense of its polylingual publication.

Lastly, let me suggest that you should have an advertisement from, and a correspondent in, every coöperative and socialistic institution in the world. Every attempt at association in every land should find a channel for expression in the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, and a guide in its pages to safe paths to true and permanent Socialism.

Yours truly, J. B. H.

We thank our correspondent for his suggestions. We hope in due time to accomplish all he plans for us; but first we must secure the hearty coöperation of American Socialists. The letters already published from old-time Fourier leaders, Shakers and others, clearly prove that this most important work is progressing. Will not our correspondent do all he can to secure for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST "an advertisement from, and a correspondent in, every coöperative and socialistic institution" in this country? This done, and we shall be ready doubtless to carry out his Leipsic scheme or any other that promises to bring American Socialism before the general European public.

— April 17, 1876.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—The spread of Socialistic principles will in time naturally result in the establishment of more joint-stock Associations or Communities. I shall not regret this, for coöperative life seems to be an improved form of society on many accounts. Nevertheless, I fear that I am not made for it. I am too fond of liberty—of my right to go where I please, and do what I please with my own. Is not Communism rather cramping to personal liberty? Respectfully,

R. B. Y.

That depends on the degree of civilization to which the candidates for Communism have attained. Very likely if an Indian were to discuss with you the merits of the civilization to which you have attained, he would find fault with it in much the same way that you find fault with Communism. For one thing, he would claim that he had an inherent right to avenge his own injuries—to slay his enemies. He would never be reconciled to having society step in and take from him that dearest of personal rights. Then again he would never be content to put his hands to the drudgery of common labor. He would claim that hunting in the pathless wilderness is the lowest occupation befitting the noble and independent warrior. Surely, he would say, it is the part of the women to attend to such menial affairs as now occupy the attention and degrade the white man. Still, though civilization cuts you off from a great many rights that are very dear to a savage, you claim never-

theless that in a thousand ways it is a wonderful improvement on savagery.

So, Communism claims the same kind of advantage over competition that your civilization does over barbarism. But it involves the surrender of such individual tastes and habits as are in conflict with it, just as a savage is compelled to surrender some of his tastes and habits, in adopting the usages of civilization.

THE Coöperative Wholesale Society of Manchester, England, wholesale grocers, provision dealers, drapers, dealers in woolen cloth, mole skins, ready-made clothing, boot, shoes, brushes, furniture, etc., and manufacturers of biscuits and sweets, boots and shoes, supplies over 700 minor societies, and its last year's sale amounted to over £2,045,000. This Society is a federation of Coöperative Societies, and was established for the purpose of uniting their purchases, in order to enable them to go direct to the producers and manufacturers for all their requirements; and thus to secure for themselves the profits of wholesale dealers. This object has been attained in many articles. Butter is purchased from the producers in Ireland; and is also imported direct from France, Holland and Denmark. Cheshire and Derby cheese are also bought direct from the farmers. American cheese, bacon and hams, are bought by agents in this country. Sugar is, in all cases, obtained directly from the refiners; soap, soda, etc., from the manufacturers. All goods are charged at net prices, and are supplied to none but registered Coöperative Societies or companies. Share capital receives five per cent. per annum interest. The profits, which are divided quarterly, after paying interest on capital and working expenses, are distributed among Societies, according to their purchases—to shareholders the full rate of dividend, to non-members only one-half.

CURRENT EVENTS.

WE notice in a late number of the *Graphic*, among other things illustrative of the visit of Dom Pedro to this country, the music of the Brazilian National Hymn. With the exception of the Marseillaise, there is more character in its music than any other so-called National Anthem with which we are acquainted. We have observed that the quality of what may be termed national music is often in inverse ratio to the standing of the nation; that is, the greater the nation the poorer the music. The United States can hardly be said to have any national music; the feeble melodies which are performed as such on Fourth of July and other celebrations being wholly unworthy of the name. A great nation like ours ought to be represented by appropriate music; and the man who should create a National Hymn adequate to the wants of the situation would be a public benefactor, and deserve a monument to perpetuate his memory.

THE score of Wagner's Centennial March has arrived in this country, for which it is said the composer received the sum of five thousand dollars. This March is to be performed at the opening of the exhibition, in Theodore Thomas' best style, and will be the musical *pièce de resistance* of the occasion. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to Wagner's music in general, no one will deny that there is a massive vigor and majesty in his movements in the *tempo di marcia* which are rarely excelled. He is always at his best in this form of musical composition, and we have no doubt that the piece, as interpreted by Theo. Thomas' orchestra, will be well worthy the attention of our musical connoisseurs.

THE proposal to invest Queen Victoria with the title of Empress of India does not meet with much favor from the British public; and the inalienable right of every true Englishman to grumble at royalty is liberally exercised in regard to the matter. It is quite surprising to an American, accustomed to hear much about the loyalty of the English nation to its sovereigns, to see with what freedom the average Briton will criticise the acts of her Majesty, especially if they happen to run counter to his self interest. According to all the symptoms, the attachment of the English middle classes to the reigning family has been sadly weakened since the days of the Stuarts.

THE late action of the Californian authorities in regard to the Chinese is likely to put an end to the further immigration of that people to this country, and may possibly result in driving the resident Chinese back to their native land. This movement is evidently dictated by that portion of the California people who are jealous of the influence of this race in reducing the price of labor, and who are fearful that a continual influx of "Celestials" may operate to throw the laboring classes in the State out of

employment. It is yet an open question whether the migration to our shores of a large semi-civilized population is of any advantage to us as a nation. We acquire thereby an addition to our working force, but on the other hand we receive into our midst a barbaric element, which must ultimately be assimilated at considerable cost, or exterminated. In all combinations between a higher and lower form of civilization, the one rises and the other sinks, till they arrive at a resulting mean; and that mean is determined by the relative strength of the two. If the party representing the higher civilization be much the stronger one, its depression may be scarcely perceptible; whereas if the strength of the two is not very widely different, they may be affected equally, the one rising as much as the other falls. The question however, between the American and Chinaman is not one of relative strength, but of assimilation. The Mongolian has thus far proved decidedly indigestible. Suave, pliable, industrious, with many of the finest superficial qualities, he is at heart a barbarian, and indissolubly wedded to his idols. A Chinese colony in America is a thing *sui generis*. Surrounded by all the appliances of a more intelligent race, and in daily contact with the newspaper, the telegraph and the railroad, it adheres with undeviating pertinacity to the habits and superstitions of the parent country; and when one of its number dies his body is sent three thousand miles to the flowery land for burial. The process of assimilation between the American and Chinese does not seem to have yet begun; and without some evidence that this will sooner or later transpire, we cannot wholly condemn the Californians for discouraging the establishment of these people among them, though their method of accomplishing this may seem questionable.

CHEAP TURKISH BATHS.

III.

"...THIS IS THE LAST YOU'LL EVER HEAR!"

MANY years ago, as I have already told you, during the Urquhart and Wilson enthusiasm over the bath in England, I availed myself of the opportunity of thoroughly testing its merits, as far as a person enjoying good health could do so. I traveled about 200 miles on purpose to take a course of the "People's Baths" in Liverpool, and then flew to Manchester, where I took a couple of magnificent "Sultan's Baths"—one public and one private.

The "People's Bath" was in the form of a long and wide corridor, sectioned off by very thick and heavy quilted curtains into four rooms—(1), the dressing-room; (2), the cool-room (*frigidarium*), to which, suitably draped with a gorgeously striped and fringed loin towel, I was introduced immediately from the dressing-room, and found the temperature to be 80 deg. to 100 deg.; (3), the warm-room (*tepidarium*), 120 deg. to 160 deg.; and (4), the hot-room (*calidarium*) 180 deg. to—well! as you like it—up to a very high heat indeed. Very soon after I entered even the *frigidarium* I commenced to sweat freely, as I took a *divan* in one of the furthest corners contiguous to the curtain, where the temperature was the highest. After sweating for half an hour there (reading the *London Times* meanwhile), I was very gently approached by one of the gentle semi-nude attendants, gently tapped on the shoulder, and gently requested to take hold of his gentle hand, whereupon he very gently ushered me into the next—the *warm-room*. There I didn't take a very forward berth at first, I assure you. I lay me on one of the *divans* in a corner contiguous to the room I had just left. In the midst of this warm-room there was a little fountain, which sprayed up its fine mist occasionally, at the option of the bathers. By this time I was sweating very freely, and I soon found myself ensconced in the warmest corner (160 deg.), and feeling no oppression whatever. I had felt a little queer at first at 100 deg. in the cool-room; but that was the first and the last of any thing approaching to unpleasantness which I felt during the whole process. When at 160 deg. I actually felt exultant, jubilant, ecstatic; it was as if I had taken a long sip of Olympian nectar, quaffed a deep and wide *amphora* of Anacreon's oldest-best wine, imbibed (over delicious gossip) at least three cups of my grandmother's blessed green tea, and fell in love and then fell out of it—all at one and the same time! I had actually discovered a new feeling! I was a Spartan stranger visiting Sybaris! O the sweet sentiments—the elevating ideas—the celestial thrills—and—O my toes!—yes! by the Prophet's two-horned moon, that was a thrill—of pain—when I inadvertently stepped on the hot brick floor with my naked foot, forgetting the wooden sandals which had hitherto protected me! Well—never mind! The *hot-room*, to which I was now very gently introduced, set

my poor toes at rest in double-quick time. And there I rested, or stood or strolled (never forgetting my timber slippers any more!) and sweated—and sweated—and sweated! What an experience! What a *first* experience!

Melting in classic ecstasy—

Soft-sighing in romantic revery:

—that was it, exactly!—After indulging myself there for about an hour, I was taken to a side-room, and sprinkled and sprayed all over with jets of warm and cool water, all playing on my body at the same time, and producing a delicious sensation. Then I was taken back to the *warm-room* again, and slowly but thoroughly shampooed on a marble slab; then another spray—with cool water this time; then a few minutes' stay in the *cool-room*, and then a good toweling and magnetic rubbing in the *dressing-room*; and finally, after dressing myself, the payment of *half-a-crown*, which at that time in England was fully equal in real value to a *dollar* and a *quarter* in America now. That was the formula for the whole course of baths.

The "Sultan's Bath" in Manchester was similar to the above in all essentials, only differing in the magnificence of its Moorish interior, its tessellated floors and ceilings, its gorgeous curtains and drapery, its accompaniments of dreamy music and song of birds, and the sight of luxuriant little conservatories through some of its windows, and *perfect* ventilation, and the winter sun pouring down through the high windowed roof its welcome "actinic" rays, broken up into an almost infinite variegation of tint and color; and—well—seven shillings and sixpence to pay, equal then and there to nearly four dollars here and now. I am glad I took those baths, as they were great educators at the time; but I shall never think of paying any such price for baths again (unless obliged to on my travels), when I can get all their essential virtues here at Wallingford, with much better shampooing and drinking water into the bargain, and all for only fifty cents a bath, or five dollars a dozen!

I commenced my apprenticeship of giving baths and shampooing on Saturday, the 8th inst., and have since spent about three hours a day for eight days at the business; and of course I already esteem myself a professional shampooer, according to the prevailing sentiment of American apprentices in regard to quick proficiency! No very decided cases of disease have yet come under my own observation. But I have seen enough to convince me that dyspepsia, rheumatism, severe colds, chills, ague, "biliousness," extreme fatigue, certain nervous ailments, "out-o'-sorts," "under-the-weather," and *uncleanliness* are within the easy control of the bath. Every person whom I have shampooed, without a single exception, expressed himself highly pleased and greatly benefited. Two persons insisted on going in too soon after eating, and of course they suffered some discomfort at the stomach and in the head at first, but nothing serious at all. The shampooing and spraying soon brought out the full benefit of the bath, and they quickly found themselves all right, and crowing with delightful satisfaction. Beside old and new customers from the neighborhood, I have seen several folks here from quite a distance, all leaving their bundles of discomfort behind them, and going out as gymnasts to fight anew the battle of life, and as enthusiastic missionaries of the Turkish Bath. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, mechanics, all patronize it. Indeed, patients are being constantly sent here by their regular physicians.

Reverting to my own case (for the last time in these letters), how could I ever have left off *tea* were it not for the bath? It is true that after a few days' bereavement of my favorite Japan I *did*—just for one full day—feel like any other weaned child. I could have knocked down my very best friend for just one little cup; and I verily believe I *would* have injured somebody were it not for the blessed bath, which, except during that one day, filled the bill, or rather the vacuum completely. Instead of any more replying, "*Tea, Sir!*" to questions that had nothing whatever to do with tea—instead of hearing the birds, the breeze, the waves, the waterfall, the trees, the factory-sounds, and my own objectivized longings incessantly sighing, squeaking, thundering, splashing, roaring, and trilling, "*Tea! Tea! Nothing like Tea!*"—instead of gloating over the advertisements in the great dailies of the great Tea Houses of New-York, and wondering if I could ever again see—let alone sip—even Souchong;—instead of various other tormenting vagaries and deliriums as on that dreadful and ever-memorable day—behold me now entirely *cured* of one of the most inveterate of bad habits—tea-drinking. And if I have, in the course of less than two weeks, become well rid of that life-long

habit, what may not the bath do for *you*, O ye poor tobacco-smokers and chewers, dram-drinkers, and opium-eaters! I have heard and read of many of your unfortunate brothers and sisters having been thoroughly cured by it. And the *why* it does it is, to my mind, very plain. But I have no time to touch on that subject now. It *does* do it; and that's enough for the present.

I haven't had a twinge of neuralgia ever since I took my first bath, nor seen the ghost of a night-sweat ever since my second. And I have at last *buried* my dear dumb Ague! Let her—*requiescat in pace!*—All her shiverings are o'er, poor thing! It is true she clung closer than a brother or sister to me while she lived, but—let that pass. I'm glad of her demise, and no more "In Memoriam" shall she ever get from me.

But for all this—and I want to make a clean breast of it—I have suffered some for a few days from another quarter. I unwittingly over-exposed myself while at work, and continued to do so for some days. Result—"pain in the bones" and general stiffness—quite a new thing for me. But I am happy to state that non-exposure for two days, a few self-taken baths, and especially one great rousing, searching, and magnetic shampoo at the hands and from the very heart of that powerful Æsculapius of the Bath—Mr. Pitt—have entirely done away with that difficulty.

I would, from experience, sincerely advise all good people contemplating taking the Bath not to overdo things, by immediately instituting violent changes in their habits of diet, clothing, exercise, etc. The Bath itself is such a great change that it is only fair play to it not to hamper it by other great changes at first. "Confession is good for the soul;" and I will humbly allow that I *did* overdraw on my bank of vitality by making those wholesale changes in my clothing which I mentioned in my first letter, as well as by all at once plunging from three meals a day, with meat and tea, into the two-meal system, with much less meat and no tea—by changing from soft well-water (which I had been accustomed to use sparingly) as drink to actual quarts a day of ice-water—by unnecessarily exposing myself, nude, to prolonged dressing-room coolness at 60° when fresh and seething from the hot-room at 200° by thermometer, which, owing to the heat being radiated, would make it, according to Urquhart, really equal to 250°—and by various other fool-hardinesses prompted by a schoolboyish exultation over my first few baths, and the real intoxicating exaltation which they produced. It was a good lesson for me. I am wiser now, and I hope others will deign to profit by my experience.

In my next and all subsequent letters I shall leave myself out of sight entirely, strictly confining my remarks to a faithful record of *other* special cases and to bath matters in general. I could easily have condensed my case into one letter, but who would ever have read such dry stuff? I wanted to talk all about it to and with you and your readers, so that you might know *all* the bitter-sweet of it, especially as it was quite a representative case. Don't charge me with *egotism*, please. The fact is, having thus displayed so much of my ingrained folly, I feel as if I had entirely thrown myself away—indulged in *nihilism* or Widow Bedott's "self-suicide," et-cetera. You'll hear from me again of course, but

"Of me this is the last you'll ever hear:
Therefore be happy!—Now to worthier themes!"

T. C. E.

Wallingford, Conn., April 19, 1876.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

The exposé of Mrs. Fay's mediumistic performances, which appeared in a late number of the *Daily Graphic*, well illustrates a kind of argument which is considered perfectly convincing by a large class of people, but which really has no scientific value whatever. The real problem is not touched at all. Let us see if we can get a clear mental image of the question at issue, and how the *Graphic's* exposé is related to it.

Certain phenomena are put forward by Spiritualists as being the product of some occult power. Part, or in certain cases the whole, of these phenomena are capable of imitation by adroit conjurers or posturers. Such an artist is produced, and successfully imitates the phenomena. Now what has been proved, and what not proved? Has it been proved that the medium has adopted the conjurer's method? Such seems to be the opinion of the *Graphic*; but this is not by any means the case. For suppose, for the sake of argument, that the phenomena are really produced, as the Spiritualists claim, by an occult power, what connection can the conjurer's imitation have with the real fact? None at all.

The paper moon in the theater might be perfected to a degree that the audience would be wholly unable to distinguish it from the real moon if that were in sight, and yet one is only a piece of illuminated paper, while the other is a globe of rock, two thousand miles through. The only relation between the two is that of resemblance. If we make the monstrous assumption that a certain appearance can have only one source, and then go and thrust our cane through the paper moon, of course we prove that the theory that there is a solid world in space having the same appearance is a delusion. In fact, on the assumption of singleness of cause, we are bound to this conclusion, because we have established the paper theory by a demonstration. But astronomers in the audience might assail us with an array of facts which would cause us to doubt and finally to relinquish the assumption of singleness of cause which led us into error. The writer of the exposé in the *Graphic* has made such an assumption, and without it fails entirely to relate his posturer's tricks to Mrs. Fay's performances as a proof that her method is the same.

But Spiritualists must admit that, though such imitations fail entirely as proofs of fraud in mediums, they raise a high presumption of that kind, and hence that whatever Mr. Bishop can do by sleight-of-hand Mrs. Fay may also accomplish in the same manner. If the point at issue between Spiritualists and their opponents depended alone on the performances of public mediums like Mrs. Fay, all of which could be imitated by skillful posturers like Mr. Bishop, the matter would stand in a different light than it now does. But such is not the case. Mr. Crookes' letter, which has a prominent place in the *Graphic* article, refers to phenomena witnessed by himself and scientific friends in the presence of Mrs. Fay, which entirely transcends Mr. Bishop's imitative skill. It is not even pretended that he has imitated the séance referred to by Mr. Crookes as the ground of his faith in her mediumship.

But even were Mrs. Fay proved a fraud, the faith of Spiritualists would remain unshaken so long as phenomena of an occult kind occur among friends who are incapable of deceiving one another. That this is the case in thousands of instances can easily be ascertained by any one who will take the pains to investigate.

If any thing were needed to show the emptiness of the movement toward mediæval magic, after the publication of the works of Agrippa and other lucubrations from adepts in the *Spiritual Scientist*, the book just published by Emma Hardinge Brittan, *Art Magic*, would be quite sufficient. For notwithstanding the flourish of trumpets over the mysteries to be revealed which heralded the work, there is absolutely nothing in it which we did not know before. Occultists had better drop the talk about fear of injury to the world by the premature revelation of their mysteries. We think the world would risk the consequences.

REVIEW.

A PAYING INVESTMENT. By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co., 1876. 16 mo., pp. 120.

There is no waste of material in the make-up of this book. Intended only to do execution, it is like a rifle cartridge of just enough substance to carry the powder and ball. It has no preface nor table of contents, and only its title at the top of the page to indicate its drift. The chapters are without headings. With the exception of the motto on the fly-leaf, "Nothing new but needing line upon line," there is really nothing but the subject matter. The reader must go to the pith of the book for even a hint as to its character.

The style is rather too suggestive of the popular lecture. A few paragraphs are somewhat loose in construction; a few are somewhat declamatory; a few are so condensed as to require the fervor of eloquent delivery to bring out the meaning. But these minor defects are overborne by the force of the current, so to speak. You soon become so interested in the matter that you forget the manner. A perfect style can do no better.

Territorial acquisition; immigration; the duties of the citizen; education; trades-unions; coöperation; crime; woman's work are the leading topics.

Miss Dickinson deprecates the national greed—the covetous rolling of the eye toward Canada on the north, Mexico on the southwest, and Cuba and San Domingo on the southeast. She pictures the extent and resources of our country, and shows that, like an overgrown boy, it is already so large as to be almost ungovernable. We should now take time to concentrate. Moral and spiritual power is the present great need. She says:

"We invite all nations to our shores, and they come—English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Italian, Greek, Scandinavian; and lately we have in addition—Hindoos, Lascars, Chinamen—men made of the dust of empires—one hundred thousand on the Pacific coast, soon

to be a million scattered along the Pacific Road radiating thence across the country."

How shall we prevent such a horde and "the millions of freedmen but yesterday chattels, to-day entrusted with their own destinies, from becoming the sure foundation of tyranny and injustice?"

This question is the pivot upon which the work turns. There are people who think the nation is sure to suffer a great and permanent loss of tone from the intermixture of these alien elements; but in our opinion this is a narrow view. Certainly a great change is in progress the world over as well as here, and it may be a question, whether, in these days of easy and swift communication between all countries, Providence designs to have any one people advance very far beyond all others; but taking into account all the causes and correctives in operation, many of which are referred to in this work, it is more than probable that this change is to be a great enlargement of the heart of the nation, and therefore a transformation instead of a decline. The inducements are sufficiently urgent in either case to avail ourselves of all the agencies of improvement.

Miss Dickinson indicates wherein we fail. She shows the weakness of the average American, and shames him into wishing he was a true man: shames him for his avarice, his ignorance, his irreligion, his neglect to cultivate kindly human companionship, his neglect of the duties of citizenship. She says:

"A republic to live and to grow must be planted in ground that is shot through and through, vivified, by what in brief is the essential essence of Christianity: on the one side a recognition of the brotherhood of humanity, on the other a full acceptance of the doctrine of individual responsibility; by each man saying, 'If the work is to be done, it is to be by *my* doing it,' and then *doing* it; and by helping any of the lame, the deaf, and the blind he may find by the way."

Miss Dickinson advocates compulsory education. The statistics given from the last census, it must be confessed, are very persuasive in this direction. Here is the footing and conclusion:

"Five and a-half millions of people who cannot read, in a country whose sole enduring prosperity must depend upon the enlightened content and action of its masses."

These figures are sufficient, one would think, to stir up a fresh crusade against ignorance. But she goes further. She pictures the evils that ignorance breeds. The illustration used for this purpose is apt, vivid and suggestive. The objector, who is represented as living in a brown-stone mansion fronting on a clean and wholesome street, is supposed to say:

"What is to be done? We have established an admirable school system; we have built school-houses; we appoint teachers; we pay taxes; we elect officers of the law to see that these matters and these people are looked after. Nothing more remains. If any prefer to be ignorant, helpless, vicious, criminal, let them pay the penalty. We have done all we could, and more than any one has the right to demand of us. You certainly cannot expect us to go into the highways and byways, and call aloud, and even compel these children to come in."

"The man who so speaks knows that the rear windows and doorways of his house look out on narrow winding alleys, or over crowded courts, or filthy streets. He knows it. He does not realize it."

"He knows that human beings are packed into vile dens, or rotting tenements, swarming from stifling garret to mouldy cellar. He knows that out of this over crowding, under feeding, filth and wretchedness, disease is born, and stalks day by day gathering its multitudes from left and right. He knows it. He does not realize it."

"He knows that consumption is stalking through the alley; aches and pains, shivering chills and burning fevers are stalking through the alley. He knows it. He does not realize it."

"By and by he hears that, following this ghastly procession, the loathsome giant of small-pox is stalking through the alley. Then what does he?"

"Does he say, 'There are the city ordinances. There is the Board of Health. There are the laws and the officers for such emergencies. I elected them; if I didn't somebody else did. My taxes help support them. If they choose to neglect their duty, what is that to me? It is no concern of mine.'"

"Is that what the man says?"

"Or does he say,—It would be a pity for the law to interfere with those children: I hear it is children who are dying of that horrible disease, poor little wretches! What possible future is before them? They will be infinitely better off out of this world. It is thwarting Providence to compel them to live. It is a good fate that has befallen them. Let them die unmolested."

"Is that what he says?"

"Or, more mercifully disposed, does he say,—There is no doubt those health officers do not half attend to their duty. I will tell my family physician to step into the alley, and see what he can do to alleviate its misery. And his family physician coming back, announcing that the ignorant wretches who there abide are afraid of him and his medicines and his interference, and will have none of him and his work, does the man answer,—Very well: a man's house is his castle. I cannot force entrance even to save his life. If he *will* die, my hands are clean, and my skirts clear."

"Is that what he says and does?"

"The man knows that sweeping up from the infected alley, borne on the wings of the wind, impassable, intangible, disease loathsome, death awful, are being carried, toward the rear windows and rear doorways of his own home. And if health laws are insufficient, if health officers are careless, are slow, are inefficient, he rushes himself to the alley. Do the people bar window, and lock door, door and window must give way. Do they cry, 'This is mine! You shall not interfere, you shall not enter!' they are swept aside while the little perishing wretches are carried away to the hospital in which they can be nursed and nourished into life and health."

once more, and the pestiferous place is fumigated and cleaned.

"He does it; and he has the right to do it, by that first law of nature,—self-preservation."

Now comes the application, which should be read slowly and with emphasis:

"There is no disease more subtly penetrating, none more destructive, more surely death-freighted to such a government as ours, than that of *ignorance*. And if those who are infected, having the means provided to wash and be made whole, refuse so to do, then, in self-defense, we ought to see that the means they reject are used, and used efficiently to a healing and wholesome end.

"And this should be done in behalf of the tax-payer, in behalf of the child, in behalf of the general weal.

"The child is the ward of the State. If socially no one may come between a parent's right and a child's duty, politically no one, whatever his relation, may come between the State and its subject.

"A man has no right to pursue a course that is certain to burden society with criminals and paupers. If such tendency is manifest, society has the right to coerce him in self-defense."

A sound principle this, and the reason, no doubt, why the State looks so kindly on those organizations or forms of society whose tendency is to abolish crime and pauperism altogether.

Miss Dickinson would not have the control of the State with regard to education surrendered when every child is given the rudiments of book-knowledge. She sees something beyond this point which the State should do for the child having special aptitudes. She thinks the State should provide for, and insist upon, a course of technical training—suited of course to the talent of such children—as a sort of high-school outgrowth of the common school.

Miss Dickinson gives some criticism of trade-unions because they fall so far short of excellence. She says:

"They might become associations to cure the sick, help the weak, reward the strong; associations to foster skill, spread intelligence, grasp power, by broadening knowledge, which is power."

Instead of which, the tendency of their work seems to her, "a universal leveling-down."

She thinks there must be a more excellent way than "strikes" to regulate the relations of Capital and Labor. She says:

"Men who strike sell their liberty to maintain their rights, and make of themselves slaves, that they may be free.

"Moncure Conway somewhere tells a story of an innkeeper who, disturbed in his slumbers by the caterwaulings of some night prowler, found the poker, but, failing to strike the light, succeeded in breaking the hall clock and the hall lamp, then falling broke out two front teeth, broke his right arm, and sprained his ankle; in short, hit and hurt nearly every thing except the cat. A story with a moral to be recommended to the careful study of those who recommend strikes."

Of the forms society is to take in the future, Miss Dickinson seems to have a clear perception. She may yet have no inkling of what Communists call vital society, but she says:

"The whole march of civilization is toward coöperation. Each step is an educator. The power of combination belongs to enlightenment. By the natural growth of civilization power passes from individuals to masses. When it is really *there*, it makes itself felt. When the knowledge that is power—the knowledge of self, of skill in work, of recognition of personal limitations, and of the powers of others, of the relative value of different gifts—is well spread through the industrial classes, then will be seen the triumph of cooperative effort.

"I am as unwilling to speak out all that I think practicable in this matter as George Stephenson was about railways, when he calculated the average speed of a train at ten miles an hour; because, if he had estimated it higher the practical men would have turned a deaf ear to him, as a most unsafe man—in their estimation—an enthusiast and a visionary. I do not believe that coöperation will give every man a brown-stone house, and ten thousand a year; but it will give him what he is actually worth, and that is all he has the right to demand. It will elevate work in his own estimation, by making him its master, and not its slave."

Miss Dickinson has some ideas with regard to the prevention of crime and the administration of justice which our lawmakers would do well to consider.

She is in favor of woman suffrage when the time for it has come. "So long," says she, "as politics meant wars and rumors of wars, so long as every twisted knot or tangled skein was to be cut by sword or battle-axe, there was no place for women's hands in this field. They could hold and wield no such weapons." But—

"Jove means to settle
Astrea in her seat again,
And let down, from her golden chain,
An age of better metal."

There is little to censure in this work. There is much to commend. Its tendency is good. The writer may be too radical, too grave, too fond of irony, too forceful, not to say impetuous, for your taste, but she makes you feel that she is alive in every fiber to the general weal; and, all things considered, it is doubtful whether a woman ever before gave a more valuable lesson of this kind to the American people.

Quip.—The papers say the New-York city Comptroller is getting a suit of Tweed worth six million dollars.

Quiz.—I had no idea there was any such expensive tweed in the market.

Quip.—O, yes; several years ago New-York city began its manufacture, and now a similar article is made in several other cities.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE National Academy of Sciences is now in session at Washington. Among other subjects for discussion the *savans* indulged in their usual annual wrangle over the admission of new members. The Academy was originally limited to fifty members, with no provision for an increase. This plan was subsequently modified so as to permit an addition by election of five new members each year. It was calculated that the annual loss of members by death would average at least two per year, so that the actual increase would not average over three per annum. But contrary to expectation the veterans do not die off as fast as was calculated, and there is a crowd of scientists outside who are clamoring for admission and a chance to shine before the world. We would suggest the organization of a new Academy, a sort of an "Open Board," more after the plan of the Association for the Advancement of Science. Among the fortunate five admitted this year we notice the names of Clarence King and Prof. Peters of Hamilton College.

Prof. Loomis presented his annual budget of meteorological observations and theories. From a series of observations in this country and Europe, there is some reason for believing that our "cold snaps" are caused by the descent of air which had risen from the earth some hundreds of miles northwest of us, and that a "warm spell" here is coincident with cold weather somewhere else.

Prof. A. M. Mayer read an interesting paper upon sounds. Among other things he showed that certain sounds will extinguish other sounds. This rule appears to work but one way. High sounds will extinguish or "kill" low sounds; but low sounds apparently have no effect upon high ones. This fact he demonstrated in a variety of ways. The effect of high sounds upon low ones is best observed at the utmost limit of distance in the room from the instrument.

These observations of Prof. Mayer may lead to a change in the position at which a leader of an orchestra stands to conduct a performance. The usual position is in front of the center, where he is surrounded by the shrill violins, while the drums and heavy bass instruments are at a distance. In this position he may not be conscious of the volume of sound from the drums, etc., from the fact that the low sounds are partly extinguished by the high ones near by.

Prof. Mayer also read a paper upon the vibrations of tuning-forks, and the effects of temperature. As tuning-forks are now used for determining short periods of time, and in some new methods of telegraphy, these determinations promise to be of value.

Gen. Abbott read a paper upon the simultaneous ignition of fuses in mining and engineering operations. The question of firing a large number of fuses at once is of practical importance just now in the operations at Hell Gate. No less than eight thousand fuses are to be simultaneously fired sometime this season when every thing is ready for the grand blow-up.

Prof. F. A. P. Barnard's explanation of magic squares gives one, not in love with pure mathematics, a slight shudder of apprehension at the bare idea of trying to understand it all, much less to explain it to others. Prof. Henry gave a brief account of the affairs of the Smithsonian Institute, and Prof. Watson sent a telegram announcing the discovery of one more vagrant asteroid found lurking near Virgo.

CHOWDER.

The Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have closed their labors in New-York.

Over fifty societies, associations and conventions have appointed Philadelphia as their place of meeting this summer.

New discoveries in Switzerland about prehistoric men. The way to find out all about those chaps would be to nominate one of them for President.

One hundred and twenty working-men of Paris, representing sixty Trades-Unions, have been selected to visit and report on the Centennial Exhibition.

The new State to be carved out of New Mexico is to be called Montezuma. But no man in the new State ought to go into the back entry and fill himself with benzine on pretense that he wants to revel in the halls of Montezuma.

Many good things are told of the Emperor Dom Pedro, now visiting this country. He has given freedom to the slaves in his empire; he has exerted himself in the cause of education; he is a student of literature; he is an enthusiast in the natural sciences.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has resigned to Judge Hilton her interest in the late firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., and put upon him the responsibility of continuing the firm and completing such works of benevolence as Mr. Stewart had in contemplation.

News from Maryland is to the effect that the peach-crop will be very short this year, and consequently peaches will be high. The number of little boys who will be saved from centennial belly-aches by this state of things is very great.

The President has vetoed the bill passed by both Houses of Congress to reduce the salary of his successors to the old standard, \$25,000. He urges with some force, that while the pay of Congressmen has been made seven times as great as formerly, that of the Executive has been only doubled.

There will be exhibited at the Centennial a "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine," whereby any Smith can be rapidly

rolled to any desired degree of thinness. The machine can roll and crush one Smith per minute, and the inventor proposes to devote the first six months of the Fair to John Smiths alone.

The work of civilizing the red man is going bravely forward. Only the other day Crazy Horses' village among the mountains was attacked, and entirely destroyed by our troops, and fifty braves were sent to the happy hunting-grounds. If such arguments as this do not rapidly evangelize those copper-colored heathen, what hope can be extended to them?

Wm. C. Byrant, Pres. Wolsey, Ex-Gov. Bullock, Horace White and Ex-Senator Shurz have signed a call for a political conference to be held in New-York city, May 15th—objects: "to prevent the national election of the Centennial year from becoming a mere choice of evils, and to secure the election of men to the highest offices of the Republic whose character and ability will satisfy the exigencies of our present situation, and protect the honor of the American name."

"A flock of wild pigeons twelve miles long and five miles wide, and so thick as to darken the air, lit in the woods down in Pennsylvania the other day."—*Exchange*.

One can easily guess the state of mind of the author of this bit of pigeon-English. He had tramped all day with a twenty-five pound shot-gun, and had't seen any thing bigger than a bumble-bee. So he gave a fancy sketch of pigeons as they ought to be found, just to satiate his longing soul.

An old farmer's description of a pointless preacher was:—"A good man, likely, but he rakes with the teeth up."

An old Scottish beggar, with bonnet in hand, appealed to a clergyman for "a bit of charity." The minister put a piece of silver into his hand. "Thank ye, sir; oh, thank ye! I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this one o' these days."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To C. R., Port Chester, N. Y.—The "eruption" you describe is probably some form of the skin disease known as "Acne"—a disease quite common among young people of both sexes, and often of a very obstinate character. Such eruptions may sometimes be traced to hereditary taint or tendency, sometimes to irregular habits of diet, intemperance, etc.; and sometimes the disease cannot be traced to any apparent cause, seeming to be of a purely local character, quite independent of constitutional conditions or treatment. The "blood purifiers" you mention are generally of but little use in such cases, from the fact that the disease is generally in the skin and not in the blood. In some forms of skin disease arsenic taken internally will effect a cure when every thing else fails; but our main reliance is upon constitutional treatment and dietetic reform, combined with the Turkish Bath. Without knowing your habits of life, diet, etc., we should advise strict abstinence from all stimulants, tea, coffee, and alcoholic liquors of every description; also from rich food, pastry, and articles containing much grease, butter, lard, etc. If, with such dietetic regulations, you could take out-door air and exercise, with a course of Turkish Baths, or even ordinary baths, if the former are not within your reach, we should expect a change for the better. Get your system in perfect working order, and you will be in the best possible condition for nature to effect a cure. Above all things do not become discouraged if no immediate change for the better is perceptible on trying this system of medication. If you see any improvement within six months you will have every reason to persevere.

"I have a boy eight years of age who shows some talent for music. My friends insist on my having him taught to play the piano, as being the best way to develop his musical talent, and enable him to succeed hereafter. What would be your advice in such a case?"

Teach the boy first to use the instrument which nature has provided—the voice. The best basis for success in music is to learn to sing. Even though he should within a year or two choose to devote his talents wholly to instrumental music, the early cultivation of the ear and voice in singing will ever be of great service to him.

"Is it safe to use a temperature in a Turkish Bath much above 150 or 160 deg.?"

The April number of the *Turkish-Bath Advocate* gives selections from the report of Dr. Charles Bartholomew, who has been for seventeen years the Superintendent of the Bristol and Clifton Turkish Baths in England. In this report he mentions cases where he has used a temperature of 250 deg. with the most happy results, but at the same time warns every one not to use these high temperatures without thoroughly understanding the effects of high heat, and the temperaments of their patients. It is impossible to lay down any rule for the length or temperature of a bath. One man may require a low heat, and the next a high one. This much, however, may be said: though low temperatures may not produce the very best results, and even in some cases no particular benefit, they are safe for every body. High temperatures should only be used by those who are qualified to judge of their effects. Do not experiment rashly, but study your way along, and you will be sure to succeed in the end.

"Can you tell me how to treat cases of scarlet fever? I have just lost a little one from this dreadful disease, and I am very anxious to do the right thing for the rest of my children, who have not yet taken it. We tried every thing we could think of for our darling little Willie: we had the best medical assistance we could get, but all was of no avail. If you can give me any advice please do so at once, and receive the blessing of an afflicted mother."

We would treat scarlet fever very much as we have successfully treated diphtheria: ice internally to relieve the inflammation and swelling in the throat, with warm bathing, and nourishing food to support the strength. Avoid drugs and "specifics." They do but little good, and are apt to disturb the digestion. Keep the sick-room well ventilated, and use disinfectants freely. If the attack is mild, with little fever and sore throat, but little treatment of any kind is required.

"From your experience with the Turkish Bath what danger do you think there is of dying in the hot room from heart disease? I have never dared to take a Turkish Bath, though often urged to do so, because I have heard of folks dying suddenly while in the hot-room."

There are cases on record where people have died suddenly from choking while eating dinner, and yet we do not hear of folks refusing to eat because they fear a fatal termination of their meal. There are cases on record of people dying in the Turkish Bath, but there was no reason to suppose they would not have died just as suddenly somewhere else. The danger from this source has been much exaggerated. If we knew that a person was suffering from heart disease we should use the Bath with caution; but we should use it nevertheless, and have used it under such circumstances with good results.

"Have you any faith in the power of 'witch-hazel' to tell of the presence of hidden water-courses, or veins of coal? Some of my friends tell great stories about these crocheted sticks."

Our experience in this line has been limited more to experimenting with the *witch-hazel* than with the kind mentioned by our correspondent. Of the virtues of *witch-hazel* we know but little. Of the virtues of (s)witch-hazel to develop heat and "hidden water-courses" we could speak with an eloquent tongue.

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